But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kinred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad.
That Wrens make prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman:
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grants that we haue need of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie,
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſly to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, Lo. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe,

Riu.

Riu. What marrie may ſhe
Glo. What marrie may ſhe
A batcheler, a handſome ſtrip
Iwis your Grandam had a wo
Qu. My Lo. of Gloceſter,
Your blunt vpbraidings, and y
By heauen I will acquaint his
With thoſe groſſe taunts I oft
I had rather be a countrey ſer
Then a great Queene with th
To be thus taunted, ſcorned,
Small ioy haue I in being Eng
Qu. Mar. And leſned be t
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate i
Glo. What? threat you me
Tell him and ſpare not, looke
I will auouch in preſence of th
Tis time to ſpeake, my paines
Qu. Mar. Out diuell, I rem
Thou ſleweſt my husband H
And Edward my poore ſonn
Glo. Ere you were Queen
I was a packehorſe in his grea
A weeder out of his proud a
A liberall rewarder of his fri
To royalize his bloud I ſpilt
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much b
Glo, In all which time, you
Were factious for the houſe
And Riuers, ſo were you. W
In Margarets battaile at Sain
Let me put in your minds, if
What you haue beene ere no
Withall, what I haue beene, a
Qu. Ma. A murtherous ui
Glo. Poore Clarence did f
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (
Qu. Mar. Which God r

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